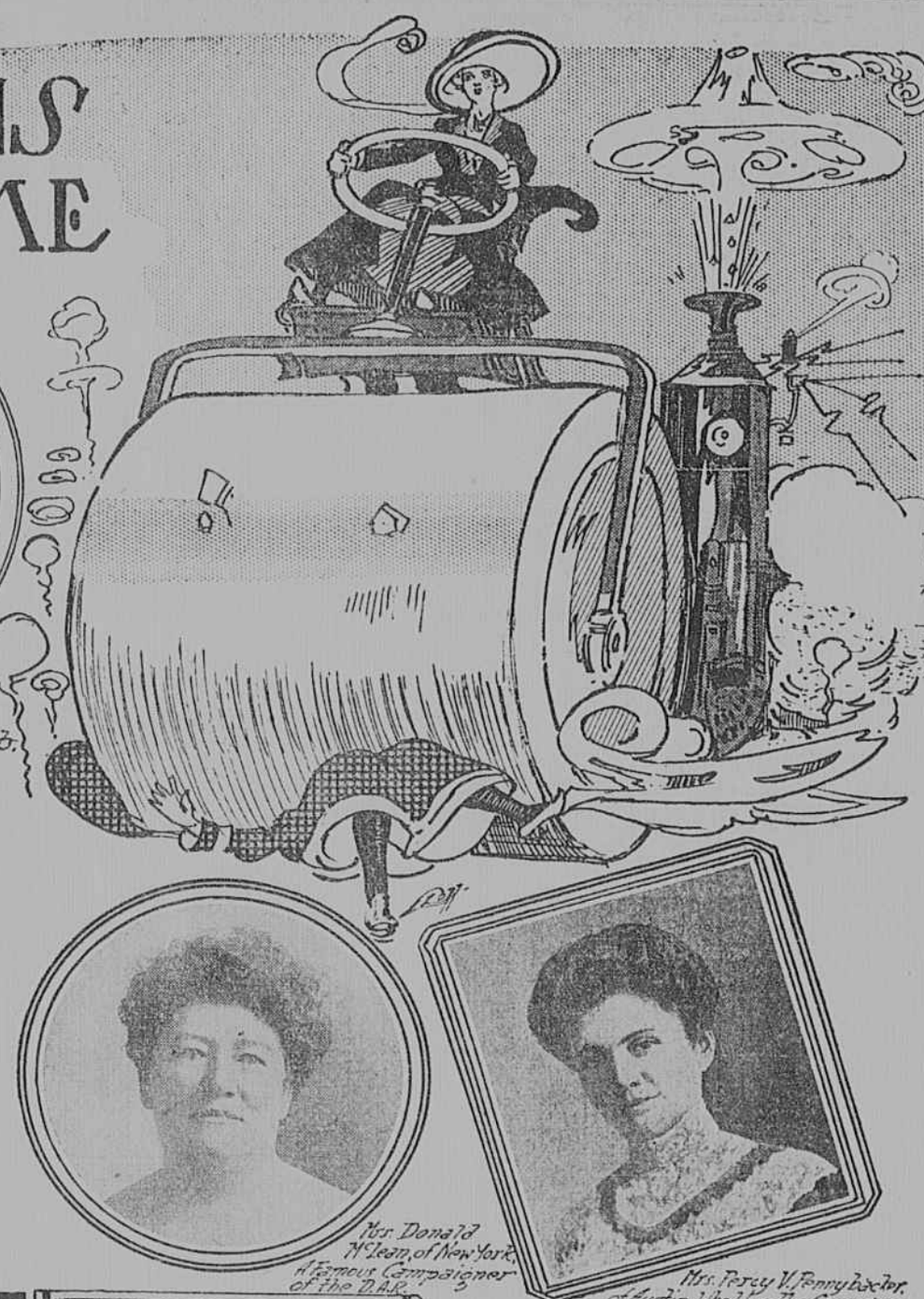
WOMEN POLITICIANS WHO KNOW THE GAME

They Can Pull the Wires as Cleverly as Any of the Male Veterans of Great Campaigns and Use the Steam Roller, Too

Mrs. Harriett Stanton Blatch, of New York, Said to Be The State Boss of the Suffragists.



Miss Grace C. Strachan, Who Makes Second Fight for the Presidency of the National Education Association.

WONDER whether the male reluctance to let women vote has back of it anything like the feeling of the world's champions in being unwilling to meet an unknown in the ring?

The average politician may pride himself on knowing how to pull every last wire that connects with a job or a vote; but he has seen so much of politics that he is making few bets on himself when some new factor appears in the political arena.

Woman is the unknown factor in modern politics, and what little politicians do know of her is too much to her credit to leave her popular with them.

This definition means politics, not statesmanship; practical wire-pulling, not excellent legislation. Those women whom the practical politicians of this country have studied at close range, whether in the suffrage cause or merely in their own polite and silky clubdom, have displayed so much genius in manipulating the hidden wires of influence and proceeded with such masterfulness in directing the cruel course of the steam roller that the prospect of a whole new electorate, made up of such dangerous characters looks far from good to them.

Women have been making history long enough now to give the world tests of their mettle as politicians; and the verdict of their men critics is that they are likely to prove too good.

YOU never used to hear of anything so vulgar and shocking in woman's clubdom as politics. Really, a course so undignified as playing politics for office was beneath a feminine club member. If she could be elected, say, by unanimous consent, with the assurance that her table of presidency would be hidden under American beauties and orchids when she should take up the gavel, she might consent to serve, but with the privilege of resigning the very minute any member should presume to question a single solitary ruling which she might choose to make, no matter if it was wrong—as it very often happened to be.

Those dear Athenian days are done. No more the tear-filled eyes of slighted movers of resolutions; no petticoat presidents resigning in offended dignity. They have tasted the smoke of battle, and it's smoke for theirs.

The cordwood delegates, the ante-election pledges, the swap, the compromise, the campaign platform, the steam roller, the disputed election, the fight for committees, the caucus—all these, and every other trick and turn of politics, may be found on tap at most of the big club campaigns in which women are concerned. That is what has made the difference. The old ladylike, parlor methods went out of date the instant feminine Boeotia and others of her organizations grew to the national scale. And the English cachet of militant suffragism made the temperate, dignified outwomen of the United States feel that, while every tradition of their struggle with parliamentary law counseled the calmness of the drawing room and the motions of a prayer meeting, there was really nothing in the rules of the game to keep them from going as far as they liked. The rest has been mainly a mixture of "Yes, the Conquering Heroine Comes," and fiery recrimination, just as it is with the men.

POLITENESS AND PRACTICAL POLITICS

There was no fight for the presidency of the General Federation of Women's Clubs. The memorable conventions of the two great political parties had nothing on the General Federation in the way of practical politics, although it may be admitted that the clubwomen were more inclined to be polite about it. This made the surface look nicer, but you can bury Caesar under an afternoon tea as thoroughly as you can under a partisan ruling. When Mrs. William Grant Brown returned to her native heath, which is New York, she was ready to back Marc Antony off into Egypt and to discomfit Colonel Bryan's most candid opinions of the opposition.

Mrs. Brown is some politician herself, being president of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs and the leader who went west with the goods in the shape of 110 empire state delegates pledged to make Mrs. Philip Carpenter, of Yonkers, the next president of the General Federation. Inasmuch as New York actually mothered the General Federation several years ago, it certainly looked as though Mrs. Brown would have something to say about the general convention. But even gratitude has passed out of the lexicon of the woman politician when she's campaigning in these practical days.

"New York didn't get so much as a representation on the board," said Mrs. Brown, with the taste of defeat still bitter in her mouth. "Those western women entertained us beautifully; we had a lovely time in San Francisco" (they went there on a $50,000 special train); "but when they want anything, they just go out and hustle for it. They used to get up early and be out electioneering before we had breakfast.

"And the south tied them solid. If you'll notice, the south and the west, in most big conventions, have a habit of pulling together. The south, this time, wanted the presidency. So they simply made it a matter of geography with the west. The east hadn't a chance. They selected Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker, of Austin, Tex., for president, and, with the assistance of the south, president she became. Mrs. Philip Moore, of St. Louis, was the retiring president. We urged that she came from a state included in the south; and the east, this time, certainly ought to be represented.

Mrs. William Grant Brown, of New York, Who Led the Opposition Against Mrs. Pennybacker.

Mrs. Ella Wilson, the Doughty Woman Mayor of Hennewell, Kan.

Mrs. Isabella W. Blamey, of California, Who Has Figured in National Politics.

"'Why,' exclaimed the southern women, 'St. Louis is in the middle west.'

"And the western women said they were right. And so they gave the presidency to the south. It's simply a matter of geography. Miss Grace Strachan pointed this out not long ago at the National Teachers' Convention in Chicago."

Those were surely hot times at the National Teachers' Convention, and Miss Strachan, ever since they happened, has been eligible to election in the Steam Roller Candidates' Club. She expected to be president. The nominating committee had flattened her out; but she had her delegation with her, and they carried the fight to the convention floor. Meanwhile the report had been industriously circulated that Miss Strachan was a tool of the book trust, and that she had called Chicago's mayor, Mr. Harrison, to persuade him to whip into line Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, who had shown admirable skill as the steam roller's chauffeur. When the New York delegates went to the conference called at the rooms of the Chicago Principals' Association they learned that the conference had been called off and held elsewhere.

These and some other incidents too numerous to mention in a Sunday paper of ordinar[illegible] in a convention speech, moved Miss Strachan to take the platform and express her frank but critical opinion of the political skill of the women of Chicago; and those who have heard Coriolanus and Spartacus say what they thought of Rome through a phonograph, were unanimous in their opinion that Miss Strachan is some orator, although Mrs. Young has it on her in practical vote-getting. There have been more thrilling conventions among old-line Democrats and Republicans; but Chicago still feels that its Teachers' Convention must ever remain a credit to its record of conventions without a tiresome moment.

But the woman who has been awarded the palm for political ability, in and out of office, is Mrs. Donald McLean, of New York, and the field of her endeavors has been the Daughters of the American Revolution. They say she was the most perennial presidential candidate before she was elected since the time of the late and popular Henry Clay, and the most emphatic executive afterward, since one N. Bonaparte tackled the job of quieting the lively French temperament. Withal, she has remained the woman politician of the hearty laugh and the glad hand, which is so conspicuously American that you can recognize it from a meeting of the vestry to the Elks. They used to have to push her off from the platforms she tried to take by storm when she was campaigning for election; and they couldn't get within a mile of it after she was installed there as president.

Very different from her in aims—for Mrs. McLean is far from an enthusiast on the ballot for women, brilliant exemplar as she is of their skill in politics—is Mrs. Harriett Stanton Blatch, of New York, who has been termed the state boss of the suffragists. She is one of the most forceful characters in the suffrage movement in the east, and to her persistent campaigning was due the progress made at Albany last spring, when a report on a proposed suffrage amendment to the state constitution was secured from the rules committee. She is of the hustler type in suffrage politics, and she can use the metaphorical brass band of the male politician with as much effect as has ever been given it in any state or national campaign. In her own territory she has shown she can make an impress on regular politics, however antagonistic to her cause may be the party in power. If she were to appear as delegate to a national convention, like Mrs. Isabella W. Blamey, of California, the country would probably hear more of her than it did of any two women delegates to national nominating conventions this summer. She, like Mrs. McLean, is one of those women who are at their best before a big throng, fighting with all her might.

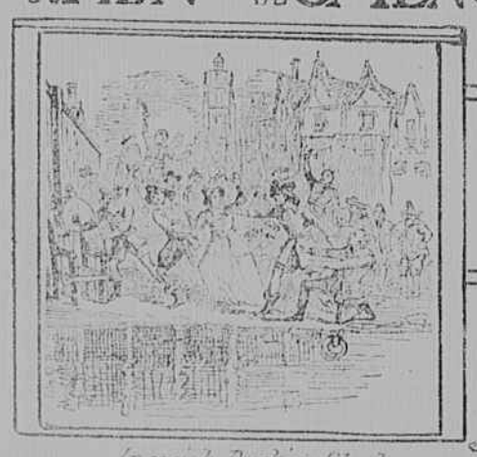
Perhaps the finest example of the woman politician, and the one to enlist most ready sympathy, is that of simple-hearted, plain, unassuming, unambitious Mrs. Ella Wilson, who consented to become mayor of Hunnewell, Kan., because the town was so tough that no man mayor had ever been able to hold it down to decency. She was only an anxious mother, who feared to see her children grow up in an atmosphere of bootleg whisky and hilarious rough riding. She fought, single-handed, against a reactionary set of councilmen who blocked her efforts at every turn, and she made such a fight for civic decency and law and order as enlisted the hearty co-operation of the governor of her state. She encountered political evils that were too great for her small strength and experience, but she made one of the most gallant fights in the history of civic reform, and through it all, even in her worst rebuffs, she was accorded a steadily growing respect. Her victory in compelling the resignation of three among the recalcitrant councilmen was really as great a triumph as if she had won some national struggle on a national issue.

This was by no means a woman politician in the sense of the word that implies any knowledge whatever of the machinery of politics, and it is just because she was only a mother fighting for her children's welfare that she represents, within the measure of her achievement, the latent power of her sex to handle politics successfully when once they are admitted to its practical application.

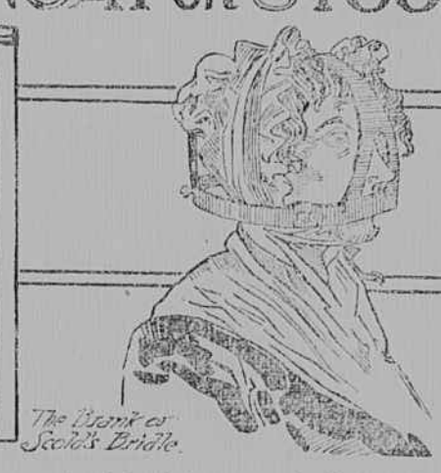
Mrs. Donald McLean, of New York, a Famous Campaigner of the D.A.R.

Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker, of Austin, Who Won the Campaign for President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs.

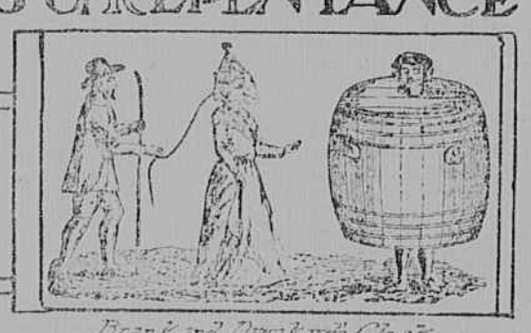
WHEN WOMEN SAT ON STOOLS OF REPENTANCE



Ipswich Ducking Stool.



The Branks or Scold's Bridle.



Drunkard's Cloak.

IT IS one of the greatest beneficences of modern times, which are so abused by modern women, that all the curious little customs of punishment used by our ancestors have been gradually abandoned, while the biggest of all of them—for murder—is being made as merciful as possible.

And not for men only. Women have cause as great to offer prayers of thankfulness that their lives are laid in the twentieth century instead of the eighteenth; and the laments some of them have been uttering about the prompt and effective punishments of a hundred years ago would change to shrieks of terror if the whole, joyous round were restored to head favor.

The pleasing prospect of bakers caught cheating, of butchers who sell bad meat or poultry, of fishmongers who vend doubtful sea bass, all parading in the direction of the public pillory with their tainted foods hung around their necks and indignant housewives pelting them with rotten apples, may be cheering to think of. But it is well to remember that women have stood in the pillory; and also that there was such a variety of stools of repentance, expressly designed for their sex's use, that torture was a mild word with which to describe them.

The good old days are very much better dead, especially for woman's sake.

WE THINK of England habitually as the home of these horrors. But her colonies were daughters by no means unworthy, and the scarlet letter, for the woman who would now have the nerve to sue for damages, was then among the mildest of rebukes for losing a decent reputation. And it was this country that most famously used it.

The most familiar feminine punishment of the olden times was the branks; and when any woman nowadays is told that she had better bridle her tongue, the expression comes pretty close to the reality time used to put on her in England, about the time the Mayflower immigrants were getting organized over here. In the middle of the seventeenth century, Ralph Gardner, of Chirton, Gent., dedicated his book on evils in the coal trade to Cromwell, as lord protector, and he printed the deposition of John Willis, of Ipswich, who,

"Upon his oath said, that he, and this deponant, was in Newcastle six months ago, and there he saw one Ann Bridlestone drove through the street by an officer of the same corporation, holding a rope in his hand, the other end fastened to an engine called the branks, which is like a crown, it being of iron, which was musled over the head and face, with a great gag or tongue of iron, forced into her mouth, which forced the blood out; and that is the punishment which the magistrates do inflict upon chiding or scolding women; and he hath often seen the like done to others."

The Pilgrim Fathers, while they brought over many other such harsh punishments, and applied them as harshly, left the branks at home. They used a cleft stick for their common scolds; and that, clipped on the tongue, silenced them as effectually, although there's no record of the stick being much more merciful.

The drunkard's cloak, an open barrel, reversed to let the culprit walk freely, and with apertures above for head and arms, was last used in the Union army in 1862, when it served as punishment drill for a delinquent soldier. In all English history it was regarded as a man's punishment, but originally, in Holland, it appeared in the form of a butter churn, and it was applied publicly to women who preferred to have two husbands instead of one. Considering the decline of the old-fashioned way of making butter, it might be hard to find enough churns to go around, if all the female bigamists were so punished nowadays.

The ducking stool was pre-eminently the penalty for scolding women and for those whose reputation offended decency. The one at Ipswich, frequently made use of, is still preserved in the local museum. Unless managed with the utmost care, these ducklings were liable to mean death, instead of mere discomfort and public disgrace. The ducking stool of Nottingham was destroyed in 1731 because the mayor, when he placed an immoral townswoman in it, left her to the mercy of the mob, which ducked the helpless creature to death. Nowadays, the lady simply gets a divorce, several columns in the papers, a star engagement on the stage and a rich husband. Times have vastly improved.

QUEER TOWN ORNAMENTS

The American colonists were strong on ducking stools. They used to pass resolutions every week demanding the erection of stools, plain and fancy; they regarded them as town ornaments. But, when they got them it was rarely indeed that any community had the hardihood to use them, at least among the Puritan communities. Further south, in Pennsylvania and Virginia, ducking went on right merrily, and when there wasn't any stool handy they towed the sinners through the water from the stern of a boat.

"The day afore yesterday, at 2 o'clock of the afternoon," wrote Thomas Hartley, from Hungars Parish, Virginia, in 1634, to Governor Endicott, of Massachusetts, "I saw the punishment given to one Betsey, wife of John Tucker, who by ye violence of her tongue has made his house and ye neighborhood uncomfortable. She was taken to ye pond. They had a machine for ye purpose yt belongs to ye Parish, which I was so told had been so used three times this Summer. At ye end of ye longer arm is fixed a stool upon which ye Betsey was fastened by cords, her gown tied fast around her feete. The Machine was then moved up to ye edge of ye pond, ye Rope was slackened by ye officer and ye woman was allowed to go down under ye water for ye space of half a minute. Betsey had a stout stomach, and would not yield until she had allowed herself to be ducked 6 several times. At length she cried piteously, 'Let me go, let me go, by God's help I'll sin no More.' Then they drew back ye Machine, untied ye Ropes and let her walk home in her wetted clothes a hopefully penitent woman."

CHURCH "CUTTYSTOOLS"

The stool of repentance is no mere figure of speech, but the real name of a very much-dreaded punishment, known to Scotland as late as 1816. The churches had their "cuttystools," for public penitence, and men and women who were guilty of immorality were often compelled to sit there during divine service, objects of reproach by the entire congregation.

But what will strike moderns as the most unjust punishment of all was the practice of flogging at the whipping post lovers who wooed fair maids without the consent of parents or employer.

"Whereas," declared the Plymouth laws of 1638, under Governor Winthrop, "divers persons unfit for marriage both in regard of their yeong yeares, as also in regarde of their weake estate, some practising the inveagling of men's daughters and maides under guardians contrary to their parents and guardians likeing, and of maide servants, without the leave and likeing of their masters. It is therefore enacted by the Court that if any shall make a motion of marriage to any man's daughter or mayde servant, not having first obtayned leave and consent of the parents or master soe to doe, shall be punished either by fine or corporall punishment, or both, at the discretions of the bench, and according to the nature of the offense."

This looks pretty comprehensive, but the New Haven colony found it necessary to be specific about the "inveagling." So, in its law, it itemized the arts of love forbidden as "speech, writing, message, company-keeping, unnecessary familiarity, disorderly night meetings, sinfull dalliance, gifts, or in any other way."

A woman certainly can be glad she's alive now.